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Chapter 1 by Tracey Louise Vanspall

She woke ,it was 4-00a.m and she was freezing cold.Her feet were numb her face was sore and chapped ,She could not understand why or how she was still alive,what was stopping her from just curling up and going to sleep for ever?,why could she not be released from this living hell.? No child age 11 should be on the streets and left to feed and care for herself?.\She folded up the piece of cardboard she had desperately tried to make into a makeshift bed/shelter.It was not a dream ,she thought to herself,sadly.It was real ,it was her punishment,for what,she knew not.Only this.She was a bad bad child" asher parents had kept on reminding gher .She was a liar and a whore and a thief,prone to making up stories.Her heart actually hurt,It wasnt true she whispered to herself.I am not a bad child ,am I? this question kept running around in her head like a hamster wheel,she could not even try to go home but the police would arrest her and take her back to the place.The place,was her fear that kept her from being caught,she had escPED BEFORE but had ALWAYS been taken back .Despite her pleading to which ever police officer was in chaRGE OF returning her to this [place],all she could do was try to act out a role that would deflect from her age and she was getting very good at it.She really wanted to be loved and wanted but [in ber mind] this ws never going to happen,As sthe sun rose she headed for a small cheap coffee house in soho .she had [earned enough just to get a piece of bread and

butter and a hot cup of coffee.The lady at the counter knew her just by her coming in every day at the same time .She knew the cl

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Chapter 2 by Jaskin



The lady always treated her really nice. Even though she couldn't afford to get an extra sandwich, she always got one served from her anyways.

This day was special though, the lady at the counter was sobbing when she came in.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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